

THE
DEVOTIONS
OF THE
STATIONS OF THE PASSION
OF
JESUS CHRIST
CRUCIFIED,
WHICH ARE MADE IN JERUSALEM.

BY THE REV. FATHER ADRIAN PARVILLIERS,
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APOSTOLICAL MISSIONER OF THE HOLY LAND.

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TO
THE CHRISTIAN READER.

JESUS CHRIST crucified, is the book of pious souls, according to the sentiments of St. Paul.—This book is every way wonderful: 'Tis not like others, printed on paper, but on the flesh of a Man-God: 'Tis not written with pen and ink, but with thorns, nails, and blood: Its binding is not less surprising than its printing. He was beaten with thousands of blows of fists, of sticks, whips, and hammers; in taking him prisoner, in dragging him along the streets of Jerusalem, in whipping him, in driving the crown of thorns into his head, in nailing him to the cross: He was wrapped in clouts at his birth, bound with cords at his apprehension, and likewise wrapped in a winding sheet at his death. 'Tis the only book which the Word Incarnate brought to light at the end of his life,

for, as St. Jerome remarks, our Saviour left us no book wrote with his own hand, being pleased to give us himself on the cross for a book. This book came from heaven, teaches all the virtues of a christian and perfect life, not by simple words, but by the most heroic actions. 'Tis so intelligible to every one, that if we have the light of reason we cannot but comprehend it. As soon as our crucified Lord had given it the finishing stroke, he cried out, "It is consummated." The book of the elect is finished; cast then your eyes, dear reader, upon this admirable copy, imagine, when looking on a crucifix, that you hear the same words St. Augustin formerly heard, just upon the point of his conversion, "Take up and read, take up and read."

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THE
PRACTICE of the DEVOTION
OF THE
STATIONS.

THOSE who have a zeal for the glory of their Saviour Jesus Christ crucified, and for their own salvation, will let no one day of their life pass, without performing some station. This is the way of doing it.—Read with respect, attention and devotion, or cause to be read to you one of the following meditations, stopping at that which moves you most. After this reading, place yourself on your knees, and say the Pater and Ave for the Intention set down, and make the act of contrition which you will find at the end of the first station.

Every place is proper for the performance of this devotion, the chamber, the church, the cloister, the garden, the field.

field. The properest time is that in which one is the least hurried with business: The morning at rising, at night before you go to bed, any time of the day, in hearing Mass, in assisting at Vespers. Fathers and mothers, masters and mistresses, who shall assemble all their families at night, and publicly perform one station with their children and servants, will please Jesus Christ crucified more, than if they do it alone.—They are much to be commended, who on Sundays and Holy-days, after assisting at the church service, go, by way of a spiritual walk, and pious relaxation, to perform some of the stations, from church to church, from Vespers till supper. We read in the Ecclesiastical History, that Kings, Queens, Princes, and Princesses, have practised this devotion of the Stations with much fervour and zeal, and thereby acquired great sanctity.

A
SUPPLICATION

TO
CONFESSORS and DIRECTORS.

THE author of this book most humbly beseeches all Confessors and Directors, in the name of Jesus Christ crucified, to instil into their penitents, and all those under their conduct, a devotion to the Stations, either by enjoining it by way of penance, or by exhorting them to visit churches, and there to read some part of the passion of their charitable and amiable Redeemer.

We perform the office of ambassadors for Jesus Christ, and it is God himself who exhorts you by us. We conjure you to do it in the name of Jesus Christ.



A
REMARKABLE ADVERTISEMENT.

THE tradition of Jerusalem is, that the Blessed Virgin the whole time she lived there, after the death of her Son our Lord, visited every day the stations of his passion, distributing all the money she could spare in charitable alms.

THE

THE
STATIONS of the PASSION
OF
JESUS CHRIST,

Which are performed in Jerusalem.

STATION I.

The Supping-Room where our Lord instituted the holy Sacrament of his body and blood.

THE hall or holy supping-room where our Saviour washed the feet of his apostles, and instituted the most holy Sacrament of his body and blood, to prepare himself for his passion, is four and twenty steps or paces long, and sixteen in breadth. In this hall you must

must contemplate Jesus Christ upon his
 knees, and his head uncovered, washing
 and kissing the feet of the traitor Judas,
 and after that, giving him his own most
 precious body to eat, and his blood to
 drink; and say to yourself, with a most
 profound admiration: O unparalleled
 humility! O infinite charity of God-
 Man! Where shall I place myself for
 the future, to abase and humble myself,
 if my Saviour be at the feet of infamous
 Judas! And how can I refuse love and
 service to an enemy, seeing the Son of
 God does not refuse his body and blood
 to the most abominable of all men!
 'Twill likewise be proper here to con-
 sider what our most charitable Saviour
 said to Judas's heart to convert him. O
 Judas, my disciple and apostle! What
 have I done to thee, that thou shouldst
 abhor me, and sell me to the Jews, my
 mortal enemies? If thou hast any cause
 to complain of me, here am I at thy
 feet, do what thou wilt with me, provi-
 ded thou offend me not, and by offend-
 ing me I se thyself. Thou mayest assure
 thyself that in washing thy feet, my de-
 fire

fire is likewise to cleanse the stains of thy soul; don't then refuse the pardon I offer thee, 'tis infinitely more valuable than the thirty pieces of silver thou hopest to receive in payment for thy treason. If thou persevere in thy damnable resolution, thou shalt be cursed of God and condemned to eternal flames. One may likewise imagine that our Lord shed tears, seeing the hardness of this unfortunate man, and that his tears, in falling, mixed with the water he had in the bason, with which he washed his feet. But it was all to no purpose, because his mind and heart were filled with an avaricious devil. O cursed, O detestable avarice! O furious passion for money, what havock dost thou not make in Christendom? How many dost thou not damn? Thou dost not even spare the life of a Man-God! The rest of my life shall be spent in abhorring and abominating thee. You must here say a Pater and Ave, to obtain the virtues of humility, devotion to the Blessed Sacrament of the altar, and a horror of
sin:

fin: Then make the following act of contrition, viz.

AN ACT OF CONTRITION.

My most dear and adorable Redeemer Jesus Christ crucified, who hast suffered so much for me, and likewise for me died so generously; I am sorry with all my heart for having offended thee, because thou art infinitely good and infinitely amiable, and that sin displeaseth thee; pardon me, O most merciful Saviour, I conjure thee to it, by thy paternal mercy, and by all the torments of thy dolorous passion. Grant me here, at this present, all the graces, all the favours, and all the indulgences, that thou usually and most liberally givest to all those who in Jerusalem perform the Stations which I have just been making. *Amen.*

STA.

STATION II.

*The Grotto of the Garden of Olives,
where our Saviour sweated blood in
his agony.*

FROM the sacred Supping-Room, to the Garden of Olives, there are about fifteen hundred paces. The Garden of Olives may be in length about seventy paces; where, to this day, are to be seen nine great strong Olive-trees. The grotto where Christ agonized, is sixty paces distant from the place where he left his three apostles, Peter, James, and John. The place where these three apostles were left, is ten paces within the entry of the garden, where are yet to be seen some tracks or figures of their bodies, imprinted on three small outshots of a great rock, which are of a reddish colour. 'Twas there that our Lord assured them that his soul was sorrowful even to death. The grotto of the agony is almost round, supported by three great pillars, which are quite unhewn and shapeless, belong-
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ing to the rock itself. It has an opening in the middle of the vault, which lets in a little light, from whence our Saviour might see the sky during his prayer. One goes into it by seven or eight steps roughly cut. It may be about fourteen or fifteen paces diameter. There are such blessings in this grotto, that in entering into it one finds one's heart tendered, which makes one shed tears of devotion. 'Twas there that our Saviour, representing to himself the dreadful torments which the justice of God, his Father, prepared for his expiation of all the offences of the world, which had been, or were to be committed against his Divine Majesty, voluntarily conceived so excessive a fear, such an uneasiness, and an anguish so extreme, that he fell into an agony of grief. 'Twas likewise there that, appearing in the eyes of his eternal Father, loaden with the sins of the whole world, he was oppressed with so much shame and confusion, that he sweated blood in great drops, which fell from all parts of his body. 'Twas there, in

fine, that, by the most surprising of all humiliations, he refused not to be comforted, supported and encouraged by an angel, as St. Luke witnesses by these words, *Apparuit illi angelus, de cælo confortuus eum*, "An angel from heaven appeared unto him, comforting him."

Enter in Spirit this holy place, and there contemplate our Lord with his face prostrate on the ground, agonizing in a bloody sweat, and represent to yourself an angel-comforter, who raiseth him from the earth, who holds him in his arms, and encourages him to die: And after this devout contemplation you may say the following words to your Saviour: Ah! my dear Redeemer, death must needs be very terrible, since thou shewest so much fear and apprehension of it. Ah! be propitious to me in my agony, and send me thy angel-comforter to assist me to die well, and happily to pass from this world to your blessed eternity.

Say here a Pater and Ave for all in their agony, and the Act of Contrition as before.

STATION III.

*The entrance of the Garden of Olives
where our Saviour was taken and
bound by the Jews.*

YOU must consider how our Saviour, after rising from his dolorous and bloody agony, presented himself to Judas and the soldiers who came to take him, with so much benignity and sweetness, that he even permitted himself to be kissed by his infamous disciple, calling him friend, and letting himself be bound like a robber. After this consideration, you may say to our Lord, from the bottom of your heart, O most sweet and meek Lamb, how much reason hadst thou to recommend to us the love of our enemies, and the pardoning injuries, since thou gavest us so rare an example of it, in the favourable and caressing reception which thou gavest to the most abominable of all mankind, the detestable Judas, who came to rob thee of thine honour and life by his notorious treason. O Lord, bestow

bestow thy grace upon us, that we may ever obey this precept of charity, to the end that, having pardoned our enemies the injuries we have received from them, thou mayest likewise pardon our offences against thy Divine Majesty.

Say here a Pater and Ave for those that have offended you in any kind, and make the Act of Contrition as at the end of the first Station.

At the entry of the Garden of Olives, the way of captivity began, that is to say, the way our Saviour went from his being taken and bound by the Jews, to his last condemnation by Pilate.

STATION IV.

The Torrent Cedron into which our Saviour fell in passing over it.

THIS a tradition of Jerusalem, that our Saviour, tied and bound by the Jews, being tumultuously and violently dragged by them in the night, across the Valley of Josaphat, to the house of Annas, fell in when passing the

Torrent of Cedron, which was swollen by the rains of the season, and that upon the rock which is at its bottom, he imprinted his footsteps, which are yet to be seen.—David seems to have prophesied this fall by these words; “*De torrente in via bibet, propterea exaltabit caput;*” that is to say, that our Lord, ignominiously precipitated into this torrent by the insolent malice of the soldiers who dragged him, and in derision made him drink, shall make himself an illustrious reparation of honour in the same place, when he shall come there with his angels and saints to judge the living and the dead. Upon which, say to our Lord, with most cordial affection, O! Saviour of mankind, in consideration of thy fall into the Torrent Cedron, permit me not to fall into the filth of mortal sin; and, if I should be so unhappy as to fall into it, I beg thou wouldst immediately draw me out of it, by a true and sincere repentance.

Say a Pater and Ave for all in the state of mortal sin, and make the Act of Contrition as before. **SFA.**

STATION V.

The House of Annas, where our Saviour was tied to a tree, and received a blow.

THE House of Annas, father-in-law to Caiphas, is turned into an hospital or monastery of Armenian Christians. They shew you in its court, a great olive-tree, to which they hold by tradition, that our Lord was tied, whilst an audience to Annas was expected. 'Tis perhaps of this indignity he complains by the mouth of the Royal Prophet in these terms; *Ut jumentum factus sum apud te.*—I shall arrive quite broken by the fatigue of the way, quite wet with the water of the torrent, and smoking by my bloody sweat, which began again by reason of the impetuous agitation with which they dragged me; and, as if I had been a beast of burden, they bound me to a tree, where for some hours my poor fatigued body grew cold, and my blood congealed in the cool night air. A church is built in the same place where
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the hall stood, in which our Saviour was presented to Annas, and received a blow from the hand of an infamous servant. A lamp burns constantly day and night in the place where 'tis believed our Saviour stood when he received this outrage. Say to him, rather in your heart than with your mouth, O the piteous and the shameful figure the Jews make of thee, my dear Redeemer, in keeping thee bound to a tree like a beast of burden! They know not what they do, in thus outrageously dishonouring thee; but this teaches me that thou hast laden thyself with all our iniquities, and hast carried them to Calvary, there to expiate them by thy blood.—Then add, in memory of the blow, O the most beautiful of mankind, why dost thou suffer an abominable hand to tarnish the beauty of thy Divine Face, by so grievous and shameful a blow! Thou art the Son of God, and a vile man covers thy cheek with a blow, in the full view of the Judge, and no one takes thy part nor defends thee, nor reprehends this insolent fellow,

low.

low. My dear Redeemer, according to thy example, I will bear patiently all the injuries, offences, and ill usage which I shall receive from any creature.

Say a Pater and Ave for all in affliction, and the Act of Contrition as before.

STATION VI.

The House of Caiphas, where our Saviour was judged worthy of death, and suffered a thousand indignities.

THE House of Caiphas, the High-Priest, is likewise turned into an hospital or monastery of Armenian Christians. They shew you in the court, the place where St. Peter warmed himself with the soldiers, and denied his dear Master. A church is built upon the place where our Saviour was declared a blasphemer, and judged guilty of death by the whole council of the Jews, for having said that he was the Son of God. They likewise shew in that

that church a little dungeon, which is but about three feet square, where they hold that our Saviour was shut up one part of the night, after the soldiers that kept guard with him had wearied themselves with spitting at him, particularly in his face, in striking him with their fists and sticks, pulling off the hairs from his head and beard, and heaping upon him a thousand shameful and dolorous outrages.

After a brief contemplation of the indignities and torments our Saviour suffered at the House of Caiphas, you may say to him with a most cordial affection, Ah! my God and my Saviour, 'tis I, who, by my ingratitude and infidelities, deserve to be spit at, to have my face beaten and bruised by a thousand blows of fists, to have my hair torn off, and to be condemned to an ignominious death, as guilty of an infinite number of sins against thy Divine Majesty: Why wilt thou, being the Holy of Holies, and at an infinite distance from sin, be, instead of me, treated as criminal of the highest treason against

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the Divine Majesty? Ah! the well-beloved of my soul, I will never go to bed without casting myself on my knees upon my chamber floor, and there make thee an honourable amends, and a reparation of honour, and an entire satisfaction for so many outrages which thou hast vouchsafed to suffer for the love of me! I will imitate the penitent St. Peter, and daily weep for my own sins, and the sins of blasphemers and deniers of the holy name of God.

Say a Pater and Ave for blasphemers and deniers of the holy name of God, that they may correct this execrable sin, and make the Act of Contrition as before.

STATION VII.

The Palace of Herod, where our Saviour was in derision clothed with a white garment.

HEROD's Palace has been totally ruined, which now retains nothing of its ancient magnificence. The house,

house, built upon the old ruins, belongs to a Turk, who lets no Christian go into it. 'Tis not to be imagined what our dear Saviour there suffered in point of contempts, scoffs, insults, and injuries. This Prince, after having first caressed and flattered him, in hopes to see him work miracles, perceiving he could not so much as draw one word from him, he, with all his court, derided him, treated him as a fool and madman, ordered him to be clothed in an old white garment, and sent him back to Pilate in this ignominious garb, to shew his contempt of him.

Upon which let us say to our merciful Lord, with the utmost sentiments of compassion and grief, Ah! my dear Saviour, how many Herods are there still in the world, even amongst Catholics, who deride and scoff at thee, and who insult thee in thy churches, and before thine altars, committing their irreverences and immodesties, which they would be ashamed to be guilty of in the house of any person of honour. O I wish I could, at the expence of my
 very

very life, put a stop to those insolent sacrileges, which, sooner or later, will draw upon us the just vengeance of heaven! But how comes it, O charitable Redeemer, that thou refusedst to speak the least word to King Herod? I imagine that he, having for three years neglected to hearken to thy divine sermons, deserved not to hear one word from thy sacred mouth.

Say a Pater and Ave for those who are guilty of irreverences in churches, and those that neglect to hear sermons, that Almighty God may vouchsafe to convert them, and make the Act of Contrition as before.

STATION VIII.

The Hall of Flagellation, where our Saviour was torn with whips.

THE Hall, where our Saviour was whipt, is seven or eight paces square. The pillar to which our Saviour was fastened, was in the middle of it, and probably upheld the vault,

as in St. Jerome's time it sustained the porch of the church of Mount Sion, being still spotted with blood. My soul, enter with a sacred horror into this hall, there to contemplate the cruellest and most tragic spectacle that can be seen under heaven! Dost thou know who it is they thus strip quite naked and bind to a fatal pillar? 'Tis the Son of Mary, 'tis the Son of the Eternal Father, 'tis Jesus thy Redeemer. In what shame and confusion must this Man-God be, to see himself exposed naked to the impudent eyes of these executioners, and the derision of an insolent rabble. What! can no leaves be found to cover the virginal body of the second Adam, as well as that of the first? O Seraphims, descend quickly from heaven to veil him with your wings! O Sun, be eclipsed and hide thy light, thereby to steal from the sight of a croud of infamous wretches, this sacred flesh, which none but the angels ought to look upon. But you executioners, why do you so straitly bind the delicate arms of this innocent Lamb?

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Do not you know that 'tis the love he bears to mankind, that makes him embrace the pillar, and that no other ties than his charity could possibly fasten him to it? O pillar! O that I had been so happy as to have stood in thy place, and to have been embraced by my Saviour during the time of his flagellation! Besides the honour of finding myself in his arms, and enjoying his divine embraces, I might perhaps have saved him from some of the stripes by receiving them for him. What do I stop at? Here are the executioners, loaded with whips of knotted cords, rods of thorns and iron chains, who furiously begin to discharge a shower of blows upon the delicate and tender body of my dear Saviour; even striving to out-do each other in cruelty, neither sparing arms, legs, sides, or any part of him, upon which they leave not horrible marks and bloody traces of their diabolical malice. Give over, unhappy wretches; 'tis enough, 'tis too much, 'tis a most surprising excess which you commit against an innocent person, a King of

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Heaven,

Heaven, an only Son of God; his blood runs in great streams; the pavement, the pillar, and walls, are stained with it. Cease, cruel executioners, stop, in God's name. But what terrible voice do I hear, who cries out most frightfully, "Strike, executioners, redouble your blows, and spare not this patient person who is put into your hands, go beyond five thousand stripes?" 'Tis the voice of the Eternal Father. O Eternal Father, where is thy mercy? Where is thy justice? Thy mercy having no compassion on thine only Son; thy justice having no regard to his innocence; but makest him be tormented instead of the guilty. Thou knowest 'tis our crimes which have drawn upon him the evils he suffers. Is it not then more just that we should bear the pain of them? 'Tis we that have offended; this innocent Lamb never did other than please and honour thee; why must he then be so rigorously punished? Filthy sins of the flesh, 'tis you that make this innocent and chaste Saviour undergo this ignominious and dolorous torment

torment of the flagellation. I detest you, I abhor you, and I beseech Almighty God to exterminate you out of the world.

Say a Pater and Ave for the extermination of filthy uncleanness, and the abominable sins of the flesh, and make the Act of Contrition as before.

STATION IX.

Pilate's Pretorium, where our Saviour was crowned with thorns.

THE remains of Pilate's Palace is now the lodging of the Turkish Governor, whom the Grand Signior sends every year to Jerusalem. One cannot without grief look at the ancient Pretorium, it being made use of as a kitchen to an infidel. 'Tis a great vaulted hall, where the Roman Presidents sat upon justice. Formerly they went up to it by a pair of stairs of twenty-eight steps of marble, which have been since carried to Rome, and are commonly called the Holy Stairs.

You must in spirit place yourself in this hall, there to see your Saviour suffer a new kind and an unheard-of torment, and which could have had no other inventor than the Devil, disguised under human shape. Scarce had the Man of dolorous Jesus been untied from the pillar, and dragged in his own blood to his poor clothes, and put them on again, but the executioners, more cruel and merciless than tigers, dragged him in this lamentable condition into the Pretorium of Pilate's Palace, there to be a common sport for all the soldiers that were on guard. O sun! didst thou ever see a more horrible diversion than this they are going to take at the expence of my dolorous Redeemer! They rudely pull off his clothes again, cloven to his bleeding and torn flesh, judge with what encrease of pain! They again expose his virginal flesh quite naked to the sight of that impudent rabble, conceive the confusion he must have been in! What do these misereants pretend to? To make a pitiful and dolorous man of Jesus, they cast an old scarlet
or

or purple garment upon his shoulders ;
 they seat him upon an old jasper pillar
 as upon a throne ; they put upon his
 head a crown of thorns of sea-rushes,
 which had seventy-two long pricks ;
 they put a cane into his hand in form
 of a sceptre. O how well is he here
 placed, clothed, and royally crowned !
 No more then remains but to treat him
 as a mock-king ! Will they have the
 courage to do it ? What, is it possible
 to insult a poor patient Man, imbrued
 in blood, whose body is quite torn and
 wounded from head to foot ? No, sure
 that is impossible, unless Hell have a
 hand in it. See how they frame to it ;
 one bends his knee to him, and seem-
 ingly adores him, in saying, Hail, King
 of the Jews, and at the same time
 strikes at him and spits in his face.
 Another takes the reed out of his hand,
 and with it gives him great blows upon
 his head, to make the thorns go the
 deeper in. So did the rest of them
 use him in this manner, striving to
 exceed each other. O Heaven ! O An-
 gels ! O God ! can you see this dread-
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ful and tragic sport, without breaking out into lightning and thunder upon the sacrilegious heads of those who have been the authors of it? Vanity, ambition, and pride, ye are the cause of my Saviour's being crowned with thorns, ye have caused these unmerciful excesses against his sacred head. Enter, my soul, into an extasy of grief and contrition; cast forth loud cries against these cursed sins; say, with sighing and shedding floods of tears, Sin of Vanity, I detest thee; Sin of Ambition, I'll exterminate thee; Sin of Pride, I'll bury thee in the abyss of hell, with the devils and damned souls, that thou mayest be no more thought of amongst mankind, and that my most dear and merciful Saviour may be no more crowned with thorns.

Say a Pater and Ave for the extirpation of the sin of vanity, ambition, and pride, and the Act of Contrition as before.

STA.

STATION X.

The Arch or Balcony of the Ecce-Homo, where our Saviour was put in competition with Barabbas, who was preferred before him.

THE Arch of the Ecce-Homo is the remains of an ancient gallery belonging to Pilate's Palace, which overlooks the great street, from whence the Roman President might be seen and speak to the people. Pilate, having a mind to save the life of Jesus, whom he knew to be innocent, made him go up with him into this gallery, and from thence shewed him to the people in that pitiful condition, retaining no longer the figure of a man, so much was his poor body swelled, covered with blood, bruises, and spittle; and to soften the most hardened hearts of the Jews, he said to them, "Behold the Man," whom you pursue to death, more than sufficiently punished! Are you not content? Shall I not set him at liberty without proceeding any farther? Then

was

was raised a general cry of the populace, " Away with this man out of our sight, condemn him without delay to the last torment of the cross." " But he is innocent, says Pilate, would you have me put a guiltless person to death, and that thereby his blood cry out for vengeance against me?" The people then cry out more vehemently, " He is guilty of high treason, both divine and human, against God and his Sovereign. He has made himself God; he has made himself King; he must die; let his blood be upon us, and upon our children." Pilate, to try all means possible to save Jesus, said to the people, " Now is your feast of Pasch; therefore, according to custom, I must give life and liberty to one criminal: I propose two to you, Barabbas, an infamous thief and murderer, who lately killed an honest Burgess, and this Jesus, who is said to have wrought so many miracles for your sake, as curing your sick, restoring sight to your blind, raising your dead to life; which of the two shall I give you?" O heaven and earth,

earth, be astonished ! The populace, influenced by the Scribes and Pharisees, and, moved by a diabolical spirit, cry out many times, " Release us Barabbas, and crucify Jesus ! whoever would save the life of Jesus, is an enemy to Cæsar ! " Ah ! my dear Saviour, thy life is gone, thou art a dead man, since Pilate is threatened with the loss of Cæsar's friendship !

Make reflection, my soul, on the comparison made betwixt Jesus and Barabbas, and upon the preference which is made of Barabbas to Jesus ; and after having well considered both indignities, move thyself to a just indignation, not against the Jews, but against thyself, who so often comparest thy own interest, honour, and pleasure, with Jesus ; and who so often givest the preference to thy interest, honour, and pleasure, to the prejudice of the love and service of Jesus.

Say a Pater and Ave for the persons who unfortunately prefer their temporal interest to the service of God and their soul's salvation, and the Act of Contrition as before.

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The way of captivity finishes at Pilate's Palace.—The number of paces which our Saviour walked in the road of captivity, till his condemnation at Pilate's House.

FROM the Garden of Olives to the House of Annas, father-in-law to Caiaphas, there are about thirteen hundred steps, or paces.—From the House of Annas to that of Caiaphas, there are two hundred and sixty steps.—From the House of Caiaphas to Pilate's Palace, there are about thirteen hundred steps.—From Pilate's Palace to that of Herod, there are sixscore steps, and as many in going back.—From the Palace of Pilate to the Hall of Flagellation, there are twenty-five steps, and the same in going back; which in all make three thousand one hundred and fifty steps or paces.

THE HOLY STAIRS.

OUR dear Saviour went three times up and down the stairs of Pilate's Palace,

lace, which are called the Holy Stairs, and are now at Rome. The first time he went up them, was in coming from Caiphas. The first time he went down them, was when he went to Herod. He went up them the second time in returning from Herod. He went down them the second time, when he went to the Hall of Flagellation. He ascended them the third time, when he went from the hall where he was scourged, and he descended them the third time, when he went to Calvary. These stairs are so venerated at Rome, that when the Pope goes up them, he does it on his knees, and so do all Christians according to his example.

The way which is betwixt Pilate's Palace and Calvary, is called the dolorous way, because our Saviour walked this way, being condemned to death, torn and all over bloody with the cruel flagellation, his head crowned with thorns, and carrying his cross.

STATION XI.

The place where the Blessed Virgin fell into an extasy of grief at the sight of our Saviour, her Son, carrying his cross to Calvary.

THE tradition of Jerusalem is, that the Blessed Virgin, having been advertised by St. John Evangelist, that her dear Son Jesus was condemned to death, and that with his body quite torn in pieces with the lashes of the whips, his head pierced with thorns, he was carrying his cross upon his shoulders to Calvary, in the company of two thieves, she went to meet him, pierced to the very bottom of her heart with the sword of sorrow, of which the holy old man Simeon foretold her the day of her purification, and in a lamentable manner said to the crowd of people and the soldiers who hindered her passage, Let a poor afflicted mother pass by, let her, for the last time, see her dear and only Son! And that at a convenient distance having got a sight of him, in the sad
and

and disfigured condition he was in, she cast forth loud cries, and addressed this speech to him in a most lamentable manner, and interrupted by sobs: "My most amiable Jesus, is it thou I see? I no longer know thee! Look at me, the dear child of my womb! And that our Blessed Saviour having wiped his eyes, covered with blood and spittle, to look at her, she fell into an extasy of grief, such as are called swoons, in the arms of St. John Evangelist and St. Mary Magdalene, who accompanied her.

They shew to this day the ruins of a little chapel, formerly built in honour of this devout and mournful mystery.

You must here say to the Blessed Virgin, O Mother of God, 'tis with good reason we stile thee our dolorous Lady. Was there ever in the world a mother more worthy of compassion than thyself? I will deeply engrave in my soul the idea of this afflicting meeting, and, if possible, remember it every day of my life, that I may condole with thee for the grief thou sufferedst in it.

Say a Pater and Ave for all that are sick, and the Act of Contrition as before.

STATION XII.

The place where our Saviour fell under the burden of his cross, was raised up, and helped to carry it by Simon the Cyrenean.

THE better to comprehend this fall, you must remark that the cross was fifteen feet long and eight broad, and of a proportionable thickness, and consequently it must have been very heavy; that our dear Redeemer's strength was exhausted, upon account of his agony, his bloody sweat, and all the fatigues of the foregoing night, as likewise upon account of the cruel and sensible torments he had undergone, and the great loss of blood he had suffered during the time of his scourging and crowning with thorns; that he had no refreshment since the Last Supper, but a little cold, muddy water, which

which he had drank in falling into the brook Cedron; that the merciless soldiers gave him no time to breathe, but forced him on by the blows they gave him, and put him quite out of breath; that the end of the cross dragged upon the ground, which being very unevenly paved, continually hit his head with terrible jolts, and struck the crown of thorns the deeper in; that the mournful meeting of his dear and tender Mother mortally afflicted, had wounded his very heart: Thus all these things concurring together, made our dear Saviour fall under the weight of his cross.

Contemplate then, my soul, thy charitable Redeemer half crushed under the pressing tree of God's justice. See how his precious blood runs from each part of his body, and stains the pavement on which he falls. Hear the just complaints he makes against sinners, who cease not by their continual offences to make his cross weigh more heavy, and thereby increase his torment.—What! shall there be no one found who has compassion on him, and that helps him

him to rise up again, and to walk to the end of his career? Every one has a horror of the cross; no body will touch it, lest it should make them infamous; threats and promises must be used to oblige a stranger, who casually passes by, to give a helping hand. O fortunate Simon Cyrenean, didst thou but know the honour the Jews do thee without thinking on it! Thou art, unknown to thee, the colleague of a Man-God, the coadjutor of the Redeemer of mankind, the bearer of the instrument of the world's salvation. Associate me to thy glorious office of carrying the cross, that, accompanying Jesus in his passion, I may deserve to accompany him in his glory.

Say a Pater and Ave for the enemies of the cross, and the Act of Contrition as before.

ETA.

STATION XIII.

The place where the holy women of Jerusalem wept over our Saviour.

THIS is the first comfort our dear Lord received in the sufferings of his passion. A number of devout women, who had assisted at his divine sermons, and had been eye-witnesses of his miracles, seeing him pals by in so lamentable a condition, so unworthy of his reputation and the esteem in which he had so lately been, were moved with an extreme compassion, and, by a tenderness of heart so natural to their sex, began to cast forth mournful cries, and to make most doleful lamentations, shedding streams of tears.

This public testimony of grief and condolence which they gave our Saviour, was most just and commendable, and one may say one can scarce weep from a better motive, than to sympathize with our suffering Saviour. Nevertheless our Blessed Redeemer, turning towards them, said, Daughters of Jerusalem,

Jerusalem, weep not for me, but for yourselves and your children; because if they do these things to the green tree, what will they do to the dry? That is to say, if the innocent be so rigorously punished, what torments may not the guilty expect? and if the only Son of God is delivered over to the death of the cross for the sins he has not committed, have sinners, who are but his slaves, any reason to promise themselves a freedom from the punishment due to their crimes? You must here remark that our Saviour does not condemn the tears they shed through compassion to his sufferings, but intimates that he had rather that they should deplore the sins that have caused his sufferings. O what a fine employ! O what a divine occupation, to lament one's own sins, and the sins of the world, with a dolorous sense of contrition! O how agreeable a spectacle is it to the eyes of the angels, and even to those of Almighty God, to see a Christian soul upon its knees, with tears in its eyes, and sobs in its heart, weeping before a crucifix for the
 sins

sins which are daily committed against his Divine Majesty, and which crucify Jesus Christ anew, as St. Paul says. Women of quality, as St. Chrysostom remarks, to give the greater lustre to their beauty, wear rich ear-rings of pearls, &c. But holy souls, to appear more beautiful in the eyes of God and his angels, shew their faces bedewed with tears of contrition. These tears, says St. Bernard, are a precious wine, an aromatical wine, a wine most celestial and divine, which is presented to God's own table by the hands of angels. These tears, says St. Hilary, perform for us, with God, the office of ambassadors, and obtain for us, of his goodness, the pardon of our offences. O how miraculous are these tears! they run down and go up; they are silent, and yet speak aloud; they dry up in falling to the ground, and are most carefully preserved in the treasury of heaven. David heard them earnestly plead his cause without uttering a word, and petition efficaciously for the pardon of his crime without speaking. Here is
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the reason why he said to God, "*Auribus percipe lacrymas meas,*" Lord, give ear to my tears, and hear my weeping. The holy prophet, Jeremiah, made use of the silent eloquence of his weeping eyes, to appease God's anger and move him to compassion, and excited the city of Jerusalem to do as he had done. "*Non taceat pupilla oculi tui;*" give neither rest nor truce to the apple of thine eye, make it incessantly cry out to God by its tears. St. Peter, after having three times denied his good Master, wept so much for his sin, that he effaced with his tears, as with a sponge, the stain of his tripple denial; and St. Mary Magdalene, after having withered the flower of her youth in a libertine and impure life, cleansed herself so perfectly in the baptism of her tears, that she surpassed several holy virgins in purity.

I beg of thee then, my God, this so salutary and precious gift of the tears of contrition; and that I may obtain it, I conjure thee to give it me, by the tears which my dear Saviour poured forth
during

during the course of his life and passion.

Say a Pater and Ave, to beg of God the gift of the tears of contrition, and the Act of Contrition as before.

STATION XIV.

The house of the pious Veronica, who with her veil wiped our Lord's face, which was quite covered with sweat, blood, and spittle.

THIS is one of the actions most expressive of compassion that was ever performed in favour of our suffering Redeemer. The devout Veronica was employed in spinning, when, hearing the tumult and clamours of an infinite multitude of people and soldiers who conducted our Saviour to the place of execution, she quickly rises, looks out of her door, casts her eyes in the middle of the croud, and perceives her Redeemer, who sends forth a ray of his countenance, and by the light of faith assures her he is the Son of God. At this

this sight, quite transported out of herself, she takes her veil, casts herself into the street, runs amongst the officers of justice and the soldiers, without heeding the injuries and blows they gave her, and places herself before our Lord, whose face was quite covered with blood and sweat; she prostrates at his feet, she adores him notwithstanding all the opposition they make, and with her veil folded in three doubles, she wipes his face, obscured under the cloud of the sins of the world. Go, generous soul, thou art the incomparable one, thou hast not thy parallel upon earth! In the time the whole universe conspires against the life of thy Saviour; at a time when God his Father has abandoned him into the hands of sinners; at a time when the angels of peace weep bitterly, without being able to assist him; at a time when his apostles left, betrayed, and denied him; at a time when his holy Mother, the Blessed Virgin, by a transport of grief, has infinitely added to his affliction; at a time when the whole city of Jerusalem pursues his death

death and crucifixion; at a time when 'tis a crime and a sacrilege to own him to be a good man, thou doest reverence him as thy Messiah! Thou adorest him as thy God! Thou givest him refreshment and comfort in the midst of his greatest enemies. Truly thou deservest an immortality of glory in time and in eternity! And our Saviour has made thee, his holy Mother excepted, the inestimable richest present, by having given thee his picture, thrice imprinted on the three doubles of thy veil. Extend this veil before the four parts of the universe; shew to all mankind, the sad and disfigured face of a suffering God. Preach, by thy pictures, the passion of Jesus Christ, farther and in more different places than the apostles have preached it. For my part I promise thee that, as long as I live, I'll venerate thee, upon account of this heroic act of charity, and that, living and dying, I shall ever retain the remembrance in my mind and in my mouth, the name of the incomparable Veronica.

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Say

Say a Pater and Ave for the preachers of Jesus Christ crucified, and the Act or Contrition as before.

STATION XV.

The Judiciary-Gate, where our Blessed Saviour heard the Sentence of death read.

TIS the gate through which they formerly went from Jerusalem to the place of execution, called Calvary, upon account of the many skulls that were there. There is still to this day some remains of that gate, and a pillar to which they say was used to be fastened the sentence of death pronounced against the criminal who was led to execution, to the end that as he passed through it, it should be read aloud to him, and thereby all the people be informed what it was that had constrained the judges to condemn him to death.

Contemplate then, my soul, how our divine Saviour, being arrived at this fatal

fatal gate, places himself upon his knees, that, with the more humility, he might hear his last sentence read. They declare to him that he is attainted and convicted of the crime of the highest treason, both divine and human, for having affected divinity and royalty: the divinity, in saying he was God's own Son; the royalty, in declaring himself the King of the Jews; and that, in punishment of this double attempt, which in enormity surpasses all others, he is condemned to die upon an infamous cross, to which he should be nailed betwixt two thieves. Can one imagine a greater heart-breaking than what our Lord then suffered? He who for four thousand years had been promised to the Jews; he who had been prefigured by so many patriarchs; he who had been announced by so many prophets; he who had wrought so many prodigies and miracles to make himself known; to see himself reprov'd, treated as an impostor and blasphemer, and condemned to the death of the cross by his well-beloved people and favourites; truly nothing more afflicting and insupportable

can be imagined ! Nevertheless this sweet Lamb of God hears, without complaints or murmuring, the unjust sentence of his condemnation, and most willingly submits to it, to satisfy his Eternal Father's justice, and save mankind by dying. I am infinitely indebted to thee, my Lord and Redeemer, for so excessive a charity ; I give thee a thousand thanks for it ; and as a testimony of my acknowledgments thereof, I will, from henceforward, submit to the hardest orders of thy divine providence, and with respect kiss thy hand whenever it shall please to afflict me.

Say a Pater and Ave for the innocent who are unjustly oppressed, and the Act of Contrition as before.

The number of steps which our Saviour of the world walked in the dolorous way, crowned with thorns and carrying his cross.

FROM Pilate's Palace, to the arch of the " Ecce Homo," there are seventy steps or paces. From the arch of the

" Ecce

“ Ecce Homo,” to the place of the dolorous meeting of the Blessed Virgin, there are a hundred steps. From that place, to the cross-way where our Saviour fell under his cross, was raised up, and helped to carry it by Simon Syreanean, there are forty steps. From that cross-way, to the place where the holy women wept over our Lord, there are ten steps. From that place, to the little habitation of Veronica, there are a hundred and seventy steps. From Veronica’s house, to the Judiciary-Gate, where our Saviour went out of Jerusalem, there are sixty steps. From the Judiciary-Gate, to the foot of Calvary, there are two hundred steps. From the foot of Calvary, to the top, there were at that time about fifty steps; which, in all, makes seven hundred steps.

STATION XVI.

*Calvary, where our Lord was crucified
betwixt two thieves.*

CALVARY was a high rock, out of the city of Jerusalem, which served for a place of execution where criminals suffered death: 'tis now in the middle of the town, enclosed within a church, and changed into a fine chapel of twenty-four feet square; they go up to it by nineteen steps, but steeper than those that are used in houses. One sees there the place of the crucifixion, that is to say, the place where the cross was thrown down when Christ was nailed to it. One sees there the hole where the cross was fixed after our Lord was nailed to it. One sees there the place from whence the Blessed Virgin, St. John Evangelist, St. Mary Magdalene, and the devout women, contemplated with grief the bloody tragedy of the crucifixion. One sees there the places where the crosses of the two thieves were fixed. The good thief's was placed
four

four feet and a half from our Saviour's, and the bad thief's cross was six feet distant from our Lord's. One sees there the miraculous cleft of Calvary, which was made by the earthquake which happened at our Saviour's death; 'tis within a foot of the hole where the impenitent thief's cross was planted, and it made a mysterious separation betwixt our dear Saviour and that bad thief. This chapel is the most holy place in the world. 'Twas there that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, operated the redemption of mankind by dying upon the cross; 'tis there you must often enter in spirit to make the following contemplation. Our Saviour, being at the foot of Calvary, found himself so weakened, and his strength so exhausted, that, to encourage him to go up it, they gave him wine mingled with myrrh. But he would not accept of this comfort, nor permit them to discharge him from the burden of his cross, desiring, as another Isaac, to carry his wood to the place of sacrifice. O what had he to suffer in mounting this rugged and uneven

uneven rock ! How often were his sacred feet cut by the sharp points which he run against ! How many horrible jolts did not his cross give to his crown of thorns, renewing the wounds of his head ! As soon as he was come to the top, they made him lay his cross down upon the ground, in the place of the crucifixion, and whilst one part of the soldiers prepared the hammers, nails, cords, and other instruments of his torments, whilst another set of them bored the holes, nailed the title to the cross, and digged the hole where it was to be planted, they stripped him quite naked a third time, and by stripping him of his cloaths, renewed all the wounds of his flagellation. 'Twas a most lamentable spectacle to see our dear Saviour's body all rent and bloody. The executioners said to him, Poor man, 'tis time to put an end to thy miserable life, lie down upon this dolorous bed of the cross ! Some of the most merciless amongst them take him by the hair and beard, and throw him upon the hard wood. See in what manner he was crucified :

crucified: They take his right-hand, and placing it upon a hole made on purpose in the cross, they nail it down (as is related) by thirteen great blows of a hammer. What excessive pain! a part so nervous, full of muscles, tendons, veins, and arteries, to be bored through with a great nail! As many blows of the hammer as were given to our Saviour's hand, so many martyrdoms did he endure, and so did his holy Mother, who in her heart felt the blows. After the right-hand, they took the left; but as all the nerves and muscles were drawn up and shrunk, it would not reach the hole that was made for it; therefore, with all their strength, they drew and forced it to the place prepared for it. Think with what sensations of pain they bored and nailed this other hand by thirteen more great strokes of the hammer! O what blood poured forth from these two hands! When they began to nail the two feet, what force and violence were they not obliged to use to make them reach the holes prepared. They nailed them one
after

after the other, each by eighteen great blows of the hammer. O holy Virgin, one might truly say you then suffered a sea of dolours! See then the Man of Grief crucified; nothing now remains but to raise the cross, and to place it in the hole dug for it. Executioners, spare a little this patient sufferer; do not shake him too roughly, for the least jog will make him endure a new martyrdom. But to whom do I speak? I speak to merciless creatures, who not content to drag the cross after a rude manner, but likewise let it fall into the trench with such an impetuous rush, that, as it was revealed to St. Mechilda, our Saviour, during the whole course of his passion, never suffered so sensible a pain. Stop here, my soul; prostrate thyself before the cross; embrace the feet of thy dying Saviour; mix the tears of thine eyes with the blood of his veins; express the utmost regret for having offended him, and obliged him by thy sins to die so cruel and disgraceful a death. Address thyself to him with a heart pierced with contrition: Adorable Jesus! 'twas my
sins

sins that caused thy death; 'twas my sins that crowned thee with thorns, and drove the nails into thy hands and feet; 'twas my sins that fastened thee to the cross. Ah! great God! amiable crucified Man! pardon me, and have mercy on me. Mercy, my God, mercy, I'll never offend thee more, which I publicly protest to thee; and I conjure thee, by the blood which ran from thy veins, by thy head pierced with thorns, and by thy hands and feet bored through with nails, to receive me into thy favour, and to give a general absolution of all my past offences. The bowing down of thy head in expiring, is a sign thou pardonest me, which I will make use of as a powerful motive never to offend thee more. Vouchsafe then, O adorable Jesus, to accept of my good resolution, and, blessing me with thy cross, never permit sin to draw me from obedience to thy divine will.

Say here a Pater and Ave, to obtain grace to avoid sin, and the Act of Contrition as before.

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STATION XVII.

The Holy Sepulchre, where the dead body of Christ was buried.

JOSEPH of Arimathea had ordered a sepulchre to be cut out of a rock for himself, on the descent of Calvary, which joined to his garden, but he gave it to our Lord, his good Master, thro' affection and to honour him. 'Tis like a little room, being about seven feet square and eight high. There is within, a raised place cut in the rock in the form of an altar, upon which our dear Saviour's body was laid. The door belonging to it is very low, and one must stoop low to go through it. This holy sepulchre seems now to be parted from Calvary, since, to build the church which incloseth them both, 'twas necessary to hew and plane off a great part of the rock. It is, as it were, enchased in a pretty chapel, which serves as a case and preservative to it. Forty-three little silver lamps, and one of gold enriched with jewels, burn day and night
in

in that sacred place, which makes it very close and stifling.

Enter, in thought and with affection, this holy sanctuary, Christian soul, there to render the last funeral duties to thy Redeemer; thou hast followed him every step through all the stations of his passion and death, accompany him to his tomb. Here is what thou hast to consider: As soon as our dear Saviour had expired and rendered his spirit into the hands of God his Father, Joseph of Arimathea, a man of great note, went boldly to Pilate to beg the body, that he might give it an honourable burial in his own tomb, where no one had ever been lain; and having obtained it, he took the pains himself, with another considerable person called Nicodemus, and John the beloved disciple, to take it down from the cross. The Blessed Virgin received this holy depositum into her arms. Think with what sentiments of grief and maternal affection! My Son, said she, who has put thee to death after so cruel a manner? Who has so horribly disfigured thee?

thee? O adorable head! worthy to wear
 the crown of eternal glory, who has
 pierced thee with thorns? O face, full of
 charms and attractives, which ravished
 the angels, who has robbed thee of all
 thy beauty and graces? O beautiful
 eyes, brighter than the sun, who has
 eclipsed thy light? O cheeks, O lips,
 O mouth, so vermilioned and florid,
 who has tarnished thy delightful col-
 our? Is it thou that wast the most
 beautiful of mankind? From whence
 then comes this livid paleness, these
 contusions, these bruises, these wounds,
 this congealed blood, this spittle, this
 deformity! O sacred breast! O opened
 side! O heart pierced with a lance! O
 veins, emptied of all thy blood! O back,
 torn with scourges of whips, iron chains,
 and thorns! O dislocated arms! O hands
 and feet pierced with nails! Is it thy
 body that I see, my dear Son, or that of
 some criminal? Ah! I know but too well
 that it is thy own. Let me then kiss
 this divine body which has been so ill
 used; let me adore thee, and repair, by
 kisses and adorations, the outrages which
 thou

thou hast received; but let me, in a particular manner, kiss this open side, this source of love and charity, this door of thy heart; let me enter into it; let me there remain hidden all the rest of my life, and if any one have a mind to find me, let them seek me in this side, burning with love.

Whilst the Blessed Virgin made these mournful complaints over the dead body of her dear Son, Mary Magdalene was likewise not deficient in making her doleful lamentations over her dear Master's body. Ah! said she, pouring forth a torrent of tears, and tearing off her fine hair with extreme grief and anguish, Ah! can I bear to see my Jesus dead without me, or can I live any longer without him? No, no, love must crucify me. Divine love, here is my body, I am content it should die; here are my hands and feet, pierce them with thy nails; here are my members, imprint on them my Saviour's wounds. O that I could by my sufferings redeem the life of my amiable Jesus, whom I see dead! I would suffer a thousand

burdens

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martyrdoms

martyrdom to give him one moment of life. But all is over, he is dead, he breathes no more; all his members are cold and motionless, no more signs of life remain in him. Magdalene, you must then here die in this place of execution, you must die at the feet of this charitable Saviour, who has loved you so much; or, if it be not permitted you to die so soon, you must lead a dying life amidst sighs, sobs, and tears; and if creatures ask you the reason of it, tell them confidently, that the faithful lover, Magdalene, has declared she will for ever weep for the death of her amiable Lord.

After that the Blessed Virgin and Mary Magdalene had satisfied the tenderness of their affection towards their dead Saviour, the three persons above-named embalmed his divine body with a great quantity of myrrh, aloes, and other aromatical spices, wrapped it up in three fine linens, or winding-sheets, and laid it in the sepulchre. 'Tis in this sepulchre, Christian soul, thou must establish thy dwelling; 'tis in this sepulchre

pulchre thou must live and die; 'tis in this sepulchre thou must bury thyself with Jesus Christ, there to lead a retired and solitary life, a life dead to the world, and to all the vanities of the age, a rigorous and penitent life. 'Tis in this hole of the rock thou must hide thyself to sigh, lament, and weep all the rest of thy days, the passion and death of thy amiable Redeemer; and by sighing, lamenting, and weeping so holily, prepare thyself to die well.

Say a Pater and Ave to obtain a tender devotion to our Saviour's passion, and grace to die happily, and the Act of Contrition as before.

STATION XVIII.

Mount Olivet, from whence our Saviour ascended gloriously into heaven, after his resurrection from the dead.

'TIS but just, that after having so much lamented the death and passion of our Lord, to rejoice with him in his glorious resurrection and triumph-

ant ascension into heaven; since these two glorious and triumphant mysteries have made him taste the fruits of his dolorous torments, and are the illustrious and worthy recompences of them. And though the resurrection was at the sepulchre, nevertheless, to celebrate it with the greater order, solemnity, and joy, I part it from the place we have just been seeing the Blessed Virgin and St. Mary Magdalene cast forth their sighs and shed so many tears, and I transfer it to the top of Mount Olivet to join it with the ascension.

The Mount of Olives faces Jerusalem on its east side, at a thousand paces distant, there being nothing but the Vale of Josaphat betwixt them. It has three points or tops; the middlemost is the highest, it having six hundred steps in height. One sees still upon it the impression of our Saviour's left foot, which he left, in ascending into heaven, imprinted on the rock.

To make a good conclusion of the Stations of our Crucified Redeemer's Passion, we must in spirit transport ourselves

selves on this sacred mount, and join ourselves to the five hundred disciples who were present at his ascension, there to contemplate with joy the infinite glory of the charitable Redeemer of mankind, and with how much advantage the sufferings of this life are rewarded in the other. What a difference is there betwixt Jesus Christ crucified and Jesus Christ glorified! My soul, admire this body which is so beautiful, this glorious body, this impassible body, this immortal body, this body a thousand times more resplendent than the sun in his highest meridian. Admire this head crowned with a diadem, woven with as many stars as it has suffered pricks of thorns. Admire the five wounds of the hands, feet, and side, which in one moment cast forth more light than the sun and stars have given since their creation. Admire this charming face, upon which it seems that the Divinity has made itself visible, thereby to become the more amiable. Admire the mein and carriage, the countenance, the majesty, the glory, the pomp, the splendor,

Splendor, the train, of this Jesus, who
 was so lately called the man of dolours.
 See how he ascends the heavens by his
 own power, in the midst of thousands
 and thousands of angels, who sing his
 victories and triumphs. Consider the
 infinite multitude of these illustrious
 captives whom he delivered by his
 death, glorified by his resurrection, and
 that he leads to heaven at his ascension.
 And after having contemplated all these
 wonders, cry out with St. Paul, *Videmus*
Jesum propter passionem mortis gloria &
honore coronatum. We see Jesus crown-
 ed with glory and honour, in recom-
 pence of his death and passion. O pas-
 sion! O sufferings! O death of my Sa-
 viour! I bless thee, I glorify thee, I
 consecrate my mind to think continu-
 ally on thee, my heart to have an eter-
 nal affection for thee, my tongue to
 speak often of thee, my ears most wil-
 lingly to hear thee spoken of, my eyes
 to look devoutly at the images and pic-
 tures that are made of thee, my feet to
 go the ofteneft I can to the church to
 hear

hear thee praised, and my whole body
to suffer something for the love of thee.

Accept, my dear Redeemer, accept,
my crucified Jesus, the good-will thou
now givest me, and conserve it to the
end of my life, and permit no one, who
has had a cordial devotion to the sta-
tions of thy passion and death, to perish
or be eternally damned. *Amen.*

Say a Pater and Ave for the increase
of the devotion to the sacred Stations,
and for the Author of them, and make
the Act of Contrition as before in the
first Station.

Powerful

Powerful Motives to oblige a Christian to meditate on the Passion of Jesus Christ Crucified.

MOTIVE I.

IN the frequent meditating on our Saviour's passion, we gain the favour of the Eternal Father, and appease his wrath, if he be angry with us. Because God the Father, casting his eyes upon Jesus Christ crucified, he sees a Son infinitely deserving of being heard; a Son equal to him in power, wisdom, and holiness; a Son infinitely amiable, who offers him his divine life in sacrifice, who sheds all his blood for the reparation of his honour, and he sees himself infinitely more honoured by this magnificent reparation, than he had been dishonoured by all the sins of the world. Thus has he an infinite complacency for this well-beloved Son, who sacrifices himself for the glory of his Father:

“ Hic

“Hic est Filius meus dilectus in quo mihi bene complacui.” Now, when we think on our Saviour’s passion, when in our minds we ruminate on the torments of his death, we present to the eyes of the Eternal Father, an object infinitely amiable, which is his dear Son, the crucified Jesus, and by this representation we win his heart. A Christian, devoted to our Saviour’s passion, may say with St. Paul, “Adimpleo ea quæ defunt passionem Christi;” I accomplish what was wanting in the sufferings of our Saviour’s passion. This charitable Redeemer would willingly have remained fastened to the cross for the honour of God his Father, and for the love of mankind, to the end of the world, if it had been convenient; but that not being proper, he would remain crucified in the hearts of the faithful and his elect, who continually meditate on the torments of his passion and death. Therefore God the Father never looks upon a Christian devoted to the passion of Jesus Christ his Son, without seeing in that Christian, as in a clear mirror,
the

the image of his amiable crucified Jesus, without his having an amorous complacency for that Christian, nor without feeling his mercy moved in favour of a person who represents to him so powerful a Reconciler. He feels himself, as it were, forced to love a creature whom he sees filled with the love of his dear Son Jesus Christ crucified.

MOTIVE II.

THE meditation of the passion is a door by which the just enter into their Saviour's friendship; *Hæc porta Domini, justi intrabunt in eam.* First, our Saviour could not have done an action that was more heroic for the glory of God his Father, and for the love of mankind, than that of dying upon the cross; for what greater thing can one conceive, than to be God, and to offer a divine life in sacrifice? Secondly, he could not have made his glory more resplendent than by dying on the cross for the

the salvation of his people; *Dedit se ut liberaret populum suum, & acquireret sibi nomen æternum.* 'Twas necessary to be both man and God to save mankind by dying; man, to be capable of dying; and God, to give an infinite merit to his death. From whence it comes, that our Saviour takes nothing more to heart than to conserve the memory of his passion and death, and likewise to see that his elect conserve it. If a king, in a day of battle, had got the victory with his own hand, killed his enemy's General, and saved his people from death, would he not rejoice to hear this brave action spoken of, and to have elogiums made of it, and in having the memory of it conserved through the whole kingdom, by inscriptions engraven on marble and steel? Thus we most particularly rejoice our Saviour, when we think on his death and passion, when we entertain ourselves with the thoughts of his whips, thorns, and nails, and when we admire his ignominies, opprobiums, and torments; and we may assure ourselves, that he will look upon us with a

G

favourable

favourable eye, will honour us with his friendship, and grant us whatever we ask of him, if we have an affectionate and cordial devotion to his passion, and perform the stations with true zeal.

MOTIVE III.

THE devotion which we have to meditate on Christ's passion, is a great sign of predestination. 'Tis most assured, according to the doctrine of St. Paul, that Jesus Christ is only Saviour, and by consequence the beginner of salvation and the author of predestination, by the virtue of his crucifixion. This great Apostle sufficiently declares his sentiments, by the words addressed to the Christians of Philippi: "He has humbled himself, making himself obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." Therefore God has exalted him, and given him a name above all names, that at the name of Jesus all knees should bow, &c. The Son of
God

God was not properly called Jesus our Saviour, our Redeemer, by the mystery of his incarnation, nor by that of his birth, nor by any other of his life, but by that of his passion and death: 'Twas his death that restored us to life; 'twas his blood which cleansed us from our sins; and 'twas his cross which was the key which shut the gates of hell against us, and opened to us those of heaven. The Christian then, who shall join and engage himself to this Son of God dying upon the cross, by a grateful remembrance of his sufferings, and a cordial affection to his torments; the Christian who shall be careful daily to meditate on some point of his Saviour's passion, can he perish, being strictly bound and united to the Author of his salvation? No, says St. Augustine, or the author of the Manual. All my hope is in my Saviour's death. His death is my merit, my refuge, my salvation, my life, and my resurrection.

MOTIVE IV.

OUR Saviour has declared by several revelations, that no devotion is more pleasing to him than that which we have to his passion and death. Blessed Lewis of Blois assures us, that our Saviour revealed to St. Gertrude, that as often as any one should with devotion look upon a crucifix, so often should he be amorously looked upon by the benign mercy of God. Another author says, that a certain religious person, desiring to know by what devotion he might best please Almighty God, our Saviour appeared to him carrying his cross, telling him that 'twas by jointly bearing his cross with him, and never to lose the remembrance of it; by often speaking of his cross, by hearing it spoken of, by looking frequently upon it, and by sharing in his passion by some exterior mortification. St. Mary Magdalene, that incomparable lover of Jesus Christ crucified, having retired herself into that famous solitude of St. Baume,

Baume, and having begged of our Lord to make known to her in what exercise he desired she should chiefly be employed to become the more agreeable to him, and thereby daily testify her love to him, our Saviour sent an angel to her with a cross in his hand, which he placed at the door of her cell, telling her, that she should ever have that cross before her eyes, and that she ought to be continually taken up in the consideration of the mysteries that were wrought upon it; which she did for the space of thirty-two years, which after that she lived.

We read of St. Bridget, that, when she was but very young, our Saviour appeared to her nailed to the cross and quite covered with blood, which he seemed to have then newly shed; and from that time she ceased not continually to meditate on the passion of the Son of God, which she scarce ever did without many tears. We likewise read in the life of St. Francis, that having three times opened the Missal, there to learn evangelical perfection, by a particular

ticular providence of God, he always
 opened it at the passion of Christ, as if
 God would have thereby said to him,
 You seek the means of making yourself
 perfect, and of pleasing me; 'tis by giv-
 ing yourself to the contemplation and
 imitation of my sufferings. Upon that
 same account, the cross was shewn to
 that holy man, seven several times, as
 the pattern he ought to follow, and to
 load him with favours, our Lord ap-
 peared to him in the form of a crucified
 seraph, and imprinted the marks of his
 five wounds upon him, with so tender
 a devotion to his passion, that con-
 stantly, when he thought of it, he broke
 out into sighs and lamentations, and
 melted into tears. But what need have we
 to search for revelations to prove the ex-
 cellency of the devotion to the passion of
 Jesus crucified? Does not the holy scrip-
 ture teach us, that our Saviour thought
 continually on his passion and death?
Dolor meus in conspectu meo semper. Do
 we not read it in the Gospel, that it
 was the ordinary subject of his discourse
 to his apostles and disciples, even so far
 as

as to speak of it to Moses and Elias, in the midst of the glory of his transfiguration on Thabor? And did he not carry with him his five wounds to heaven, to have before his eyes the marks of his passion for a whole eternity? What shall I say of the great St. Paul? Did he not profess that he knew nothing but Christ crucified? What did he preach but the passion of Jesus Christ crucified? In what did he glory, but in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ? What other devotion had he, but to be crucified with our Lord Jesus Christ?

Let us conclude the Motives with the words of the Seraphical St. Bonaventure, who had ever the image of a crucifix before his eyes, which he called his library: I will, says he, take my repose in the sacred side of my Saviour; I will there watch, read, pray, drink, eat, and treat of all my affairs; I will there speak to his heart, and shall obtain of him whatever I please.

A PRAYER
TO JESUS CHRIST CRUCIFIED,
AGONIZING AND DYING,

To obtain a Happy Agony and Holy Death.

MY most dear and adorable Saviour Jesus, who wast crucified, I beseech thee, by the bowels of charity which thou hast for the salvation of poor sinners, by thy dolorous passion, by thy piteous agony, by the effusion of all thy blood, by the recommendation of thy holy soul into the hands of God thy Father, by the last cry thou gavest before thou expiredst, by the last sigh in which thou gavest up the Ghost, and by thy death, which was the accomplishment of our redemption, that thou wilt vouchsafe to have mercy on me now, and in my agony, and to receive my spirit into thy hands, and into the bosom of thy mercy at the hour of my death. AMEN.

Made at Calvary, by the author of this book, before the place where our Saviour's cross

(81)

*cross was planted, in the year 1654, upon
Good-Friday.*

A PRAYER

TO

JESUS CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

JESUS, the Saviour of Mankind,
who was fastened to the cross with
three nails, fasten my heart to the same
cross with the three nails of

FAITH, HOPE, and CHARITY.

AMEN.

D. 5. The number of steps our Saviour	}	3150
walked in the road of captivity		
The number he walked in the do-	}	700
lorous way		

In all 3850

THE
LITANY

OF THE

PASSION OF JESUS CHRIST.

K YRIE eleison.	L ORD have mercy on us.
Christe eleison.	Christ have mercy on us.
Kyrie eleison.	Lord have mercy on us.
Christe audi nos.	Christ hear us.
Christe exaudi nos.	Christ graciously hear us.
Pater de cœlis Deus,	God the Father of
miserere nobis.	Heaven,
Fili Redemptor mundi	God the Son, Re-
Deus, miserere.	deemer of the
	World,
Spiritus sancte Deus,	God the Holy
miserere.	Ghost,
Sancta Trinitas unus	Holy Trinity one
Deus, miserere.	God,
Jesu Christe, qui pro	Jesus Christ, who
redemptione nostra,	for our redemp-
de cœlis descendisti,	tion camest down
miserere.	from heaven,
Jesu Christe, qui de	Jesus Christ, who
gloriosa Virgine Ma-	vouchsafedst to
ria dignatus es nasci,	be born of the
miserere.	Glorious Virgin
	Mary,

Have mercy on us.

Jesu Christe, qui pro nobis formam servi accepisti, miserere.

Jesu Christe, qui in præsepio jacuisti, miserere.

Jesu Christe, qui lacrymantem peccatricem non horruisti, miserere.

Jesu Christe, qui fame et siti corpus tuum macerasti, miserere.

Jesu Christe, qui a Judæis tentatus, et afflictus fuisti, miserere.

Jesu Christe, qui pro nobis usque ad sudorem sanguineum prolixius orasti, mis.

Jesu Christe, qui a Juda tradi et osculari te permisisti, miserere.

Jesu Christe, qui ab impiis Judæis comprehensus et in terram projectus fuisti, miserere nobis.

Jesu Christe, qui ligatis manibus post tergum te duci permisisti, miserere.

Jesus Christ, who for us did take the form of a servant,

Jesus Christ, who didst lie in the manger,

Jesus Christ, who didst not abhor the weeping sinner;

Jesus Christ, who didst macerate thy body with hunger & thirst,

Jesus Christ, who wast tempted and mocked by the Jews,

Jesus Christ, who continuedst in prayer for us, even unto sweat,

Jesus Christ, who sufferedst thyself to be betrayed & kissed by Judas,

Jesus Christ, who wast taken by the wicked Jews and cast down upon the ground,

Jesus Christ, who sufferedst thyself to be led with thy hands tied behind thy back,

Have mercy on us.

Jesu Christe, qui Pontificibus presentatus et mendaciter accusatus fuisti, miserere.

Jesu Christe, qui pugnis et alapis in facie percussus fuisti, miserere.

Jesu Christe, qui diversis opprobriis illusus fuisti, miserere.

Jesu Christe, qui Pilato traditus fuisti, miserere.

Jesu Christe, qui ad columnam ligatus et usque ad sanguinem verberatus fuisti, miserere.

Jesu Christe, qui a militibus veste purpurea indutus fuisti, miserere.

Jesu Christe, qui spinis durissimis coronatus fuisti, miserere.

Jesu Christe, qui verbum durissimum, Tolle, tolle, crucifige, saepius audisti, miserere.

Jesu Christe, qui durissimum lignum crucis fessus, et oneratus sustinuisti, miserere.

Jesus Christ, who wast brought before the Chief Priests and falsely accused,

Jesus Christ, who wast smitten with fists and stripes upon the face,

Jesus Christ, who wast mocked with divers reproaches,

Jesus Christ, who wast delivered to Pilate,

Jesus Christ, who wast tied to the pillar and scourged even unto blood,

Jesus Christ, who wast clad with a purple garment by the soldiers,

Jesus Christ, who wast crowned with most hard thorns,

Jesus Christ, who often heardst those hard words, Away with him, Crucify him,

Jesus Christ, who being wearied and burdened, didst bear most the hard wood of the cross,

Have mercy on us.

Jesu Christe, qui in
cruce levatus, cum
laronibus associatus
fuisti, miserere.

Jesu Christe, qui mani-
bus et pedibus fixis
in cruce, a prætere-
untibus blasphema-
tus fuisti, miserere.

Jesu Christe, qui speci-
osam faciem tuam,
quasi leprosam ha-
buiisti, miserere.

Jesu Christe, qui pro
crucifixoribus orasti
ad Patrem, et latro-
nem in cruce exau-
disti, miserere.

Jesu Christe, qui Ma-
riam Matrem tuam
dulcissimam Joanni
commendasti, mise-
rere.

Jesu Christe, qui lan-
cea perforatus fuisti,
et proprio sanguine
mundum redemisti,
miserere.

Jesu Christe, qui in
monumento sepultus
fuisti, miserere.

Jesu Christe, qui tertia
die à mortuis resur-
rexisti, mis. nobis.

Jesus Christ, who
being lifted up
upon the cross,
wast made the
companion of
thieves,

Jesus Christ, who
having thy hands
and feet nailed to
the cross, wast
blasphemed by
them that passed
by,

Jesus Christ, whose
beautiful face
wast made, as it
were, leprous,

Jesus Christ, who
prayedst to thy
Father for thy
crucifiers, and
graciously heard-
est the thief upon
the cross,

Jesus Christ, who
didst recommend
thy most dear
Mother to Saint
John,

Jesus Christ, who
wast pierced with
a spear, & redeem-
ed the world with
thy own blood,

Jesus Christ, who
wast buried in a
tomb,

Jesus Christ, who
didst rise from the
dead the third day,

Have mercy on us.

Jesu Christe, qui quadragesima die in cœlum ascendisti, miserere nobis.

Jesu Christe, qui sedes ad dexteram Patris, miserere nobis.

Jesu Christe, qui venturus es judicare vivos et mortuos, miserere nobis.

Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi Parce nobis Domine.

Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi Exaudi nos Domine.

Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.

Christe audi nos.

Christe exaudi nos.

Kyrie eleison.

Christe eleison.

Kyrie eleison.

Pater Noster, &c.

Jesus Christ, who forty days after ascendest into heaven,

Jesus Christ, who sittest at the right hand of the Father,

Jesus Christ, who art to come to judge the quick and the dead,

Lamb of God, &c.

Lamb of God, &c.

Lamb of God, &c.

Christ hear us.

Christ graciously hear us

Lord have mercy on us.

Christ have mercy on us.

Lord have mercy on us.

Our Father, &c.

Have mercy on us.

OREMUS.

RESPICE Quæsumus Domine super hanc familiam tuam, pro qua Dominus noster JESU CHRISTUS non dubitavit manibus tradi nocentium et crucis subire tormentum: Qui tecum vivit et regnat.

Miserere mei Deus, &c.

Stabat Mater dolorosa, &c.

LET US PRAY.

LOOK down, O Lord, we beseech thee, upon this family, for which our Lord JESUS CHRIST wast pleased to be delivered into the hands of the wicked, and suffer the torment of the cross, who livest and reignest, &c.

Miserere mei Deus, &c.

Stabat Mater dolorosa, &c.

PSALM.

MISERERE mei Deus, * secundum magnam misericordiam tuam.

Et secundum multitudinem miserationum tuarum, * dele iniquitatem meam.

Amplius lava me ab iniquitate mea: * & à peccato meo munda me.

Quoniam iniquitatem meam ego cognosco: * & peccatum meum contra me est semper.

Tibi soli peccavi, & malum coram te feci: * ut justificeris in sermonibus tuis, & vincas cum judicaris.

Ece enim in iniquitatibus conceptus sum: * & in peccatis concepit me mater mea.

Ece enim veritatem dilexisti: * incerta & occulta sapientiae tuae manifestasti mihi.

HAVE mercy on me, O God, according to thy great mercy.

And according to the multitude of thy compassions, blot out my iniquity.

Wash me still more from my iniquity: and cleanse me from my sin.

Because I know my iniquity: and my sin is always against me.

I have sinned to thee only, and done evils before thee: that thou mayest be justified in thy words and overcome when thou art judged.

For behold I was conceived in iniquities; and in sins my mother conceived me.

For behold thou hast loved truth: the uncertain and hidde things of thy wisdom thou hast manifested to me,

Asperges me hyssopo,
& mundabor : * lavabis
me, & super nivem
dealbabor.

Auditui meo dabis
gaudium & lætitiā : *
& exultabunt ossa hu-
miliata.

Averte faciem tuam
a peccatis meis : * & om-
nes iniquitates meas
dele.

Cor mundum crea in
me Deus : * & spiritum
rectum innova in visce-
ribus meis.

Ne proicias me à fa-
cie tua : * & spiritum
sanctum tuum ne au-
feras à me.

Redde mihi lætitiā
salutaris tui : * & spi-
ritu principali confirma
me.

Docebo iniquos vias
tuas : * & impii ad te
convertentur.

Libera me de sangui-
nibus Deus, Deus salu-
tis meæ : * & exultabit
lingua mea iustitiam
tuam.

Domine labia mea
aperies : * & os meum
annuntiabit laudem tu-
am.

Thou wilt sprinkle me
with hyssop and I shall
be cleansed : thou wilt
wash me, and I shall be
whiter than snow.

Thou wilt give joy
and gladness to my
hearing : and the hum-
ble bones shall rejoice.

Turn away thy face
from my sins : and blot
out all my iniquities.

Create in me a clean
heart, O God : and re-
new a right spirit in my
bowels.

Cast me not away
from thy face : and
take not thy holy spi-
rit from me.

Render to me the joy
of thy salvation : and
strengthen me with a
sovereign spirit.

I will teach thy ways
to the unjust : and the
impious shall be con-
verted to thee.

Deliver me from
blood, O God, the God
of my salvation : and
my tongue shall extol
thy justice.

Open my lips, O
Lord : and my mouth
shall declare thy praise.

Quoniam si voluisses
sacrificium, dedissem
utique: holocaustis non
delectaberis.

Sacrificium Deo spi-
ritus contribulatus: *
cor contritum & humi-
liatum Deus non despi-
cies.

Benigne fac Domine
in bona voluntate tua
Sion: * ut ædificentur
muri Jerusalem.

Tunc acceptabis sa-
crificium iustitiæ, obla-
tiones, & holocausta:
* tunc imponent super
altare tuum vitulos.

For if thou wouldst
have had sacrifice, ve-
rily I had given it: with
holocausts thou wilt not
be delighted.

An afflicted spirit is
a sacrifice to God: a
contrite and humble
heart thou wilt not de-
spise, O God.

Be favourable, O Lord,
in thy good-will to Sion;
that the walls of Jeru-
salem may be built up.

Then thou wilt ac-
cept a sacrifice of jus-
tice, oblations, and ho-
locausts: then they will
lay calves on thy altar,

Supplices recurramus ad Virginem Immaculatam, Sub Cruce Christi doloris gladio transfixam.

STABAT Mater dolorosa,
Juxta Crucem lachrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius.

Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatam et dolentem,
Petra transivit Gladius.

O quam tristis, et afflicta,
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti ?

Quæ mœrebat et dolebat,
Et tremebat, cum videbat
Nati pœnas inclyti.

Quis est homo, qui non fletet,
Christi Matrem si videret
In tanto supplicio ?

Quis non posset contristari,
Piam Matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum Filio ?

Pro peccatis sue gentis
Videt Jesum in tormentis,
Et flagellis subditum.

*Let us have recourse to the Immaculate Virgin,
Mother of God, pierced with the Sword
of Grief at the Foot of the Cross.*

UNDER the World-redreeming Rood,
The most afflicted Mother stood,
Mingling her Tears with her Son's Blood,

As that stream'd down from every part,
Of all his Wounds she felt the smart,
What pierc'd his Body pierc'd her Heart,

Who can with tearless Eyes look on,
When such a Mother, such a Son,
Wounded and gasping, does bemoan?

O! worse than Jewish heart that should,
Unmov'd, behold the double Flood
Of *Mary's* Tears, of *Jesus's* Blood.

Alas! our sins they were, not his
In this atoning Sacrifice,
For which he bleeds, for which he dies?

When Graves did open, Rocks were rent,
When Nature and each Element,
His Torments, and her Grief resent.

Shall Man, the cause of all his Pain,
And all his Grief, shall sinful Man,
Only insensible remain?

Videt suum dulcem Natum
 Morientem desolatum,
 Dum emisit Spiritum.

Eia Mater, fons Amoris,
 Me sentire vim doloris,
 Fac, ut tecum lugeam.

Fac, ut ardeat cor meum
 In amando Christum Deum,
 Ut sibi complaceam.

Sancta Mater istud agas,
 Crucifixi sige plagas,
 Cordi meo valide.

Tui nati vulnerati,
 Tam dignati pro me pati,
 Poenas mecum divide.

Fac me vere tecum flere,
 Crucifixo condolere,
 Donec ego vixero;

Juxta Crucem tecum stare,
 Te libenter sociare,
 In plunctu desidero.

Virgo Virginum præclara,
 Mihi jam non sis amara,
 Fac me tecum plangere.

Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
 Passionis fac consortem,
 Et plagas recolere.

Ah! pious Mother, teach my Heart,
Of Sighs and Tears the holy Art,
And in thy Grief to bear a part.

That Sword of Grief which did pass thro'
Thy very soul, O! may it now
One kind Wound on my Heart bestow!

Great Queen of Sorrows! in thy Train
Let me a Mourner's place obtain,
With Tears to cleanse all sinful stain.

To heal the Leprosy of Sin,
We must the Cure with Tears begin,
All Flesh corrupt without their brine.

Refuge of Sinners, grant that we
May tread thy Steps, and let it be
Our Sorrow not to grieve like thee.

O! may the Wounds of thy dear Son
Our contrite Hearts possess alone,
And all terrene Affections drown!

Those Wounds which by the Stars outshine,
Those Furnaces of Love divine,
May they our drossy Souls refine.

And on us such Impression make,
That we, of suffering for his sake,
May joyfully our Portion take.

Let us his proper Badge put on,
Let's glory in the Cross alone,
By which he marks us for his own,

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Cruce hac inebriari,
Ob amorem filii.

Inflammatum et accensum
Per te Virgo sum defensus
In die Iudicii.

Fac me Cruce custodiri,
Morte Christi præmuniri,
Confoveri gratia.

Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur
Paridisi gloria. Amen.

Vers. Tuam ipsius animam pertransiuit
gladius.

Resp. Ut revelentur ex multis cordibus
cogitationes.

OREMUS.

INTERVENIAT pro nobis quæsumus
Domine Jesu Christe nunc, & in hora
Mortis nostræ, apud tuam Clementiam
beata Virgo, Maria Mater tua, cujus Sa-
cratissimam Animam in hora tuæ Passionis
doloris gladius pertransiuit. Per te Jesu
Christe Salvator mundi, qui cum Patre, &
spiritu sancto vivis & regnas Deus in
 sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

That when the dreadful Trial's come
 For every Man to hear his Doom,
 On his Right Hand we may find Room?

O! hear us, *Mary!* *Jesus*, hear
 Our humble Prayers! secure our Fear,
 When thou in Judgment shalt appear.

Now give us Sorrow, give us Love,
 That so prepar'd, we may remove,
 When call'd to the blest World above.

Vers. The Sword of Grief has penetrated
 thy Soul.

Resp. That out of many Hearts cogita-
 tions might be revealed.

LET US PRAY.

WE beseech thee, O Lord Jesus Christ,
 that the blessed Virgin *Mary*, thy
 Mother, may intercede for us with thy
 Clemency, both now and at the hour of
 our Death, who at the hour of thy Passion
 had her most holy Soul run through with
 the Sword of Sorrow. Who livest and
 reignest with the Father, and the Holy
 Ghost, one God, World without end. *Amen.*

FINIS.

